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THE DEMON OF PERVERSITY.

VOLUMES have been written on the subject of spirits. Enthusiasts, poets, and creators of fiction, have walked in the midst of them; yet it is strange that the most active, universal, and familiar demon of them all, should as yet have remained unrecorded:—a demon, to know whom it needed not that we should be acquainted with any black art, nor that we should be great wits, poets, or enthusiasts, nor that we should have the organs of wonder or of imagination more than ordinarily large. We have all known him too well—have felt him, smelled him, tasted him, stumbled over him; and a thousand to one, but, to the latest day of our lives, we shall have vexatious occasion to rue his existence. It is strange that the penetration of our British Solomon, in the excess of his wisdom, did not chronicle this sprite; and that, while our worthy forefathers busied themselves with peopling castles, forests, glens, church-yards, and solitary houses, with spectres and fiends, this impish sprite, the most wicked and wilful of all, slipped by without a word of censure; or perhaps, which is far more probable, he threw upon the broad shoulders of some hobthrusk or brownie the odium of his own offences. This much, however, is certain, that though all, from king down to peasant, have lived only too much within the demon's power, yet without actually finding him out, and affixing upon him "a local habitation and a name," still they have many a time been just on the eve of it; they have got, as it were, an inkling of him—have seen the tip of his ear, or the malicious twinkle of his eye, through a chink in a wall or a thin place of a hedge; and hence, when they would caution a talker on a ticklish topic, do they say "walls have eyes and hedges have ears;" or when some secret has been blabbed, which they believed fast kept by but one bosom crony, they are told that "a little bird flew over the house and whistled it." These phrases, however, are but the guessings of ignorance; for, while we all have been aware of these eyes and ears peeping out and listening to pick up something to our disadvantage, we have hitherto had no name for this ubiquitous and insinuating mischief, and thus it has been to us as "a wall," a "hedge," or "a little whistling bird."

This age, however, is an age of inquiry and discovery: things are examined to the bottom; we seek to know what the north pole is made of, and where, to an inch, the rivers of the African deserts spring. It is high time, therefore, that this little busy-body—this pest and plague of our fire-sides—should be dragged forth, sifted out, and have, in the end, some characteristic cognomen of his own. It is high time that the popular fallacy of walls having eyes, or hedges ears, come to an end; nor does it square with our notions of common humanity to lay to the charge of little birds any fault more heinous than picking our peas, or deafening us of a summer's morning with their incessant jargon. We will then, for want of a better name, call this babbler, this listener, this troubler of our peace, the Demon of Perversity.

And now, gentle reader, hast not thou a perfect recognition of an old acquaintance? Has he not been thine impish play-fellow from a child? Was it not he who, in the shape of a flint stone, tripped thee—usually so sure-footed—on that unlucky day when thou wert first habited in man's apparel? Was it not he who abstracted slices of thy plum-cake; who broke thy rocking-horse; who carried off thy birds'-nests; slipped thy money from thy hand into some grate, or the locked-up area of a miser's cellar, or bowled it into some crack of the floor, whence it could never reappear? Did he not always veil from thy particular

sight—though others could find it in a moment—that very print, or pamphlet, or book, for which thou wert sent; or, if he were in a less malicious mood, was it not the very last that came to hand, even though, in the hope of counteracting him, thou began with the very last first. Unlucky dog that thou wert! didst thou not tear thy best jacket on the very day that company came? or couldst thou ever indulge in the luxury of unwashed hands, and a pennyworth of lolly-pops, without thy mother's finest friends sallying forth upon thee? At school it was just the same. Thou hadst ever the worst pen when thou wert fain to write the best copy. Thou hadst ever an unlucky elbow rubbing over thy slate when the long-division sum was just finished. The hard words of the lesson always came to thee; and the master's eye was sure to be upon thee if thou spoke but two words to thy fellow! Of a truth thou wert an unlucky dog, but not more so than thy compeers, for the Demon of Perversity was busy with you all!

But he was not the patron-plague of the school-boy only; he outgrew thy growth and outstripped thy speed; and, like the evil genius in the Arabian tales, no sooner was he released from the kettle in which he was confined in the happiness of thy school-days, than he streamed forth like a column of smoke, extending himself over the whole world, and took possession of it before thee, to torment thee for the rest of thy days. Consider now, art thou not always in an adverse current, striving against an obstinate bias to mischief and mortification? Vexatious accidents quash thy nicest calculations; brackish waters, as the poets would say, spring up in the midst of the green spots of thy pleasure; in short, this mischievous and most monkeyish of all imps is perpetually at work to abuse thee. Think of the days and the resolves of thy life! Thou hast prepared a feast; thou hast invited guests; thy dinner has been excellent—all its appointments have been perfect; but the great man for whom thou didst these things, in whose countenance thou didst mean to glorify thyself before men, he only, of all thy guests, did not come; or, if he came, thy cook spoiled the dinner! Thou hast been desirous of making an advantageous *entrée* into some remarkable company, aware that first impressions are important; the imp crept slyly in thy way, and thou stumbled over him at the very threshold. In order, however, that thou shouldst not be altogether consumed with shame and overwhelmed by misfortune, he straightway transformed himself into a door-key or the handle of a drawer, and rent asunder at one stroke the graceful dress and the angelic temper of some fair lady.

Oh the inconceivable malice of this fiend! Does he not goad on maladroit wights to ask, with self-complacent smiles, inconsolable widowers after the health of their wives; to commission sons with compliments to their fathers who are just dead; to felicitate men who have lost their causes on the blessed purity of English law; to talk of insanity to all whose friends are in lunatic asylums; to extol high birth and pure blood to the lady whose father dealt in old clothes; to assure unsuccessful authors that two thousand copies of a rival work sold in one day, and gratuitously to vouch for the fact, and swear to it as if their life depended upon it, into the bargain; to hand their friend the very newspaper in which he is abused, or that contains an account of an assault of which he has been convicted, carefully scored down for their own reading; in short, to do a thousand absurd and bitter things at the very moment when their heart overflows with milk and honey, and they are flattering themselves that they are the undoubted pinks of all propriety and politeness! Who shall say that demoniac

possession is at an end after all this? Again, plan an excursion into the country to see some fine landscape or magnificent ruin, choose out from the twenty-eight days of any month throughout the year, and the first thing you hear in the morning shall be the rain pouring down in torrents—you have selected the only wet day in the eight and twenty; or, if it be fine, it shall be fine in the extreme; the sun shall be as red-hot fire, the earth a patent reflector, and between the two you shall be literally burnt to a cinder; a reference to the thermometer will prove that you, unlucky wretch that you are, have chosen the hottest day of the season for a pedestrian ramble! But, worse than this, when is it that your most importunate and exact creditor honours you with a call? On the very day when you have parted with your last shilling! Or if you have unhappy occasion to flee into some far-distant and obscure part, where no soul, as you opine, would be able to discover you, who is the first man you shall meet? Even he, the gossip of your parish, your own next-door neighbour, who up to that very time—were it his seventy-and-seventh year—never extended his travels beyond the smoke of his own chimney; yet, here, however, at this critical juncture, hath the Demon of Perversity driven him for your especial annoyance!

But it would be endless to enumerate all the exploits of this active demon. Every one will recollect thousands; in fact, the history of some men's lives is made up of little else. Unlucky accidents, awkward situations, the most disastrous scrapes—all are the daily work of his hands. Is some young beauty glorifying herself in the pride of the latest fashion, lolling in her carriage, and feeling that she alone is possessed of the one good thing? straight the Demon shall whisk past her one enviably arrayed as herself—but, oh misery of miseries! seated in a baker's taxed-cart! He grins through a flaw in the sculptor's block; he bores through the painter's canvass in the shape of a brush handle. In the very nick of time, at the critical moment of fruition, he cracks the retorts of the old alchemists, and turned all their gold to dross. Many and many a time he holds the pen of the literary man, and converts that into everlasting ruin which was meant only as a harmless joke. The lover, also, complimenting his mistress, finds his words distorted, and what was intended for flattery become mortal offence and division. Or, urged by this plotter of mischief, he bullies her brother in some mad moment, or plays the fool before her father without knowing it. The farmer mows his grass or cuts his corn in fine weather, and no sooner is it down than a month's unceasing rain commences. The florist sees in the morrow triumph and a multitude of prizes; but that night an ass walks into his garden, overturns his sheds, and lays prostrate his tulips; or a sow and a dozen pigs deliberately root up his dahlias and carnations.

Then, in the matter of legacies, to whom do they come? To the very men who have no need for them, while he who spends his life in hunting after advertisements for the next of kin, dies undesired and penniless. The moment, too, that, in a fit of impatience, a man has bought a house, though he liked it not, twenty shall offer, all cheaper, all pleasanter, the very beau-ideal of his wishes; but it is too late; all is sealed, signed, and delivered, and he sits down discontented for the rest of his days. But, as to the affair of buying, has not the Demon a hand in it always; for, while we do not possess a thing, he goads us on with an everlasting whisper, "buy, buy!"—"it is cheap as dirt!"—"it is the best of its kind!"—"thou wilt be the envy of thy friends, possessing it." We listen to the tempter,

and are beguiled. Then comes he in again with his malicious hints—" 'tis nothing to boast of!"—"it is, in fact, old, mean, no bargain at all!"—"thy friends will say a fool and his money are soon parted!"

But now, with one anecdote, we will have done. A gentleman, ill used by the lady of his love, vowed, in the heat of his resentment, to marry the first woman who passed his door, provided she were willing to accept his offer. Now, who should this be? An heiress, a young beauty, a pleasant and accomplished woman? No, certainly, none of these, for the gentleman was rich, handsome, and accomplished himself; but, as the Demon of Perversity would have it, a miserably dirty and unlovable creature. Still, as he was a man of a fanciful sense of honour, he kept his vow, and she at least had to thank the Demon that she was the wife of a gentleman, and had a good annuity for the rest of her days.

And now, let my readers finish this history themselves; their experience will furnish them with abundant material, for, as we have said before, the Demon is busy with us all. So busy is he, indeed, now-a-days, that it is scarcely possible to think, but he seizes your ideas, and carries them out to the world. I have projected several works; but scarcely were they begun, when others announced them as finished. I have sometimes started a new notion, and resolved to work it up in some early composition; but the next book I read was sure to contain it. Thus he sits, as it were, upon one's very shoulders; one's thoughts are plundered and published by him as they rise; and I expect, before I have concluded these remarks upon him, he will himself have published them in five hundred different quarters.

LAW OF STORMS.

At a late meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, Lieutenant-Colonel Reid, of the Royal Engineers, read a paper on the natural laws affecting storms, which seems to us to richly merit a more wide publicity than what it has already attained. Colonel Reid commenced by stating (we adopt the report of the *Athenæum*)* that he had long been convinced that the operations of the Deity in the workings of his providential care over his creatures, were governed by fixed laws, designed by incomprehensible wisdom, arranged by supreme power, and tending to the most benevolent ends. That, however irregular the tempest or the tornado might appear to the inobservant, yet our own day had seen some of these phenomena reduced to rule; and he doubted not soon to convince his hearers that we were on the eve of advancing some steps farther towards this most desirable end. He felt confident, indeed, that the laws of atmospheric changes were dependent on such fixed principles, that nothing was wanting but a more intimate acquaintance with the subject, to render man's knowledge of these laws as perfect as that which he had attained in any of the sciences now called strict. His attention had been first directed to the subject in 1831. He arrived, on military service, at Barbadoes, immediately after the desolating hurricane of that year, which, in the short space of seven hours, destroyed one thousand four hundred and seventy-seven persons on that island alone. He had been for two years and a half daily employed as an engineer officer amidst the ruined buildings, and was thus naturally led to the consideration of the phenomena of hurricanes. The first explanation which to him seemed reasonable, he found in a pamphlet by W. C. Redfield, of New York, extracted from the *American Journal of Science*. The north-east storms on the coast of America had attracted the attention of Franklin. He had been prevented, by one of these storms, from observing an eclipse of the moon at Philadelphia, which he was soon after astonished to find had been seen at Boston, although that town lay to the north-east of Philadelphia. This was a circumstance not to be lost on such an inquiring mind as Franklin's: he ascertained, upon inquiry, that the same north-east storm had not reached Boston for some hours after it had blown at Philadelphia; and that, although the wind blew from the north-east, yet the progress of the entire storm was from the south-west. He died, however, before he had made any further progress in this investigation. Colonel Capper, of the East India Company's service, after having studied meteorological subjects for twenty years, in the Madras territory, published a work, in 1801, upon winds and monsoons, giving brief statements of their fatal effects, from Orme's "History of Hindustan." In this work he states his belief that hurricanes will be found to be great whirlwinds; and says, "it would not perhaps be a matter of great difficulty to ascertain the situation of a ship in a whirlwind,

by observing the strength and changes of the wind. If the changes are sudden, and the wind violent, in all probability the ship must be near the centre of the vortex of the whirlwind; whereas, if the wind blows a great length of time from the same point, and the changes are gradual, it may reasonably be supposed that the ship is near the extremity of it." In this conjecture respecting the nature of hurricanes, Colonel Reid conceived Colonel Capper to be decidedly right, and the conclusion he drew from it has stood the test of close examination. Mr Redfield, following up the observation of Franklin, and though probably unacquainted with the views or opinions of Capper, ascertained that while the north-east storms were blowing on the shores of America, the wind was with equal violence blowing a south-west storm in the Atlantic. Tracking Franklin's storms from the southward, he found, throughout their course, that the wind on opposite sides of the shore over which the storm prevailed, blew in opposite directions, and that, in fact, the entire storm was a progressive whirlwind, and that all these whirlwinds revolved constantly in the same direction. In one of the numbers of the *American Journal of Science* (for 1831), Colonel Reid found collected together many records of the same storms, and a chart, on a very small scale, showing the progress of one. Strongly impressed with the conviction that Mr Redfield's views were correct, he determined to verify them by making charts on a large scale, and laying down on them the different reports of the directions of the wind at points given in the *American Journal of Science*; and the more exactly this was done, the nearer was the approximation to the tracks of a progressive whirlwind. He then exhibited to the meeting a volume containing eight charts on a large scale, of which the first and second chart contained the result of this part of the examination; and he explained how the arrows showing the direction of the wind at the several stations were all on the right-hand side of the several circles flying from the south, while at the stations at the left hand, or towards the east of the chart, they were all coming from the north. Colonel Reid went on to explain, that as his object was not to establish or support any theory, but simply to arrange and record facts, he had only at present to give such a sketch of what had been done, as would turn the attention of able men than himself to this investigation, and to impress upon commercial men the importance of carefully preserving the logs of their merchant ships: the practice was, he found, to return these logs to the broker's as soon as the vessel returned to her port, and after his accounts were balanced, they were considered as of no further value. He had published at length the details of his examination of this question. He had procured the actual log-books of ships, and had combined their information with what he could obtain on land, thus comparing simultaneous observations over extended tracts. On the eighth chart he pointed out eight ships in several positions in the same storm, the tracks of several crossing the path of the storm, and the wind, as reported by the ships, corroborated by the reports from the land. The observations of ships possess this great advantage for meteorological research, that merchant-ships' log-books report the weather every two hours, and ships of war have hourly observations always kept up. After tracing a variety of storms in north latitudes, and being impressed with the regularity with which they appear to pass to the North Pole, and always revolved in the same direction, namely, opposite to the hands of a watch, or from the east round by the north, west, south, and east, he was led to conclude, that, in accordance with the order of nature, storms in south latitudes would be found to revolve in a contrary direction to that which they take in the northern hemisphere. He earnestly sought for facts, to ascertain if this were really the case, and had obtained much information confirmatory of the truth of the conjecture, before he was aware that Mr Redfield had formed the same conjecture, without, however, having traced any storms in south latitudes. The general phenomena of these storms will be understood, if the storm, as a great whirlwind, be represented by a circle, whose centre is made to progress along a curve, or part of a curve, which is, in most cases, of a form approaching the parabolic, the circles expanding as they advance from the point at which the storm begins to be felt, the rotatory motion in the northern hemisphere being in the contrary direction to that in which the hands of a watch go round; while, in the southern hemisphere, the rotation is in the same direction as that in which the hands of a watch revolve. He pointed out how his views were illustrated by the disastrous storm of 1809, experienced by the East India fleet, under the convoy of the Culloden line-of-battle ship, and the *Terpsichore* frigate, and four British men-of-war, which left the Cape of Good Hope about the same time, intending to cruise about the Mauritius. Some of these vessels scudded and ran in the storm for days; some, by lying to, got almost immediately out of it; while others, by taking a wrong direction, went into the heart of it, foundered, and were never heard of more; others, by sailing right across the calm space, met the same storm in different parts of its progress, and the wind blowing in opposite directions, and considered and spoke of it as two storms, which they encountered; while others, by cruising about within the bend of the curve, but beyond the circle of the great whirl, escaped the storm altogether, which had been for days raging on all sides of them. This led him to

draw the very important practical conclusion as to how a ship should act when she encountered a gale, so as to escape from it. By watching the mode of veering of the wind, the portion of a storm into which a ship is falling may be ascertained: if the ship be then so manoeuvred as that the wind shall veer aft instead of ahead, and the vessel is made to come up, instead of being allowed to break off, she will run out of the storm altogether; but if the contrary course be taken, either through chance or ignorance, she goes right into the whirl, and runs a great risk of being suddenly taken aback, but most assuredly will meet the opposite wind in passing out through the whirl. To accomplish her object, he showed, by a diagram, that it was necessary the ship should be laid on opposite tacks, on opposite sides of a storm, as may be understood by drawing a number of concentric circles to represent the whirl of the hurricane, and then different lines across these, to represent the course of ships entering into, or going through the storm.

Colonel Reid illustrated his views by reference to various circumstances connected with the great hurricane of 1780, and the position of the several ships of Sir George Rodney's squadron, as also those of the East India convoys in the hurricanes of 1808 and 1809. He pointed out the effects of these storms on the barometer and syzygies, and the practical lessons to be derived from their indications. He highly eulogised the anemometers of Professor Whewell and Mr Follett Ossler, and particularly dwelt upon the importance of having the latter instrument placed at various stations in the usual tracks of these great hurricanes, as a means of deciding several important questions connected with them. He likewise pointed out the value of inducing the several maritime nations to establish registers at their light-houses, and mutually to communicate their observations, from which would result a fund of most valuable information, which would doubtless throw light on this, and on other collateral subjects. He pointed out the coincidences which existed between these revolving motions, and those which galvanism caused around the poles of magnets, alluding to experiments intended to be instituted by Mr Clarke on an 84-pound shot; also, that where Major Sabine had found the magnetic intensity least, namely, at St Helena, there were no violent storms; his line of least intensity appearing to be the true Pacific Ocean of the world. He showed that the phenomena of water-spouts were exactly the reverse of those of hurricanes—alluded to their electrical states, and explained the variable high winds of those latitudes by the huddling together of the branches of many hurricanes as their whirls expanded; while, at the same time, the meridians of the several planes become more closely compacted as the planes approach the pole; and because the diameters of these circles, over which the whirl of the storm was spread, often extended from 1000 to 1800 miles, observations made in the meteorological stations in the British isles, however valuable for other purposes, would not, by themselves, suffice for throwing light on this question.

JACQUES, THE COACHMAN.

The street of Saint Antoine is the most truly Parisian quarter of all Paris. In it dwells a race, rude, untaught, frolicsome, and good-natured; fond of spectacles, easily excited, brave, and ready to shed their blood at a moment's notice: the true representatives, in short, of that people who, in the space almost of a few hours, have more than once overturned dynasties, and changed the fate of empires—who, in a fit of stern and savage ire, threw down the Bastille, and in the next instant danced merrily on its ruins.

Such being the peculiarities of the Saint Antoine people, it is not to be wondered at that the coachmen of the division, living in such an atmosphere, should partake of the general character, lively, rough, and rattling, of the other inhabitants. The vehicles which they drive are for the most part of a half stage-coach order, and convey people to all the suburban quarters of the city, not at very regular hours, but rather whenever chance brings a complement of passengers. As you enter the street Saint Antoine, you behold these personages standing in a dense knot, with tawny greatcoats on their backs, and otter-skin bonnets on their heads—a noisy, restless assemblage, breaking up in a second, and in a second re-collecting; a perpetual mob, in fact, though, unlike other mobs, entirely beyond the power of the police. The moment you come in sight of this body, they divine at once by your step, by your glittering shoes, by your newly brushed hat, and a thousand signs indistinguishable by others, that you are "for the country," or for a drive. Then all the band starts like lightning to meet you, as hounds dart after a hare. One grasps you by the right arm, and cries, "To Charenton, sir?" Another holds your left, "To Alfort, sir?" A third has you by the collar, roaring, "To Conflans, sir?"—and, upon the whole, you may think yourself extremely lucky, if you get out of their hands without having incurred the necessity of applying to your tailor as

* We take the present opportunity to pay our humble but unobtrusive testimony to the merits of this paper. Its comparative cheapness (which we cannot but consider as a real merit), and the industry it displays on such occasions as the meetings of the British Association, are qualities obvious to the public eye; but none but a "constant reader" can be aware of the enlarged and enlightened spirit—not to speak of talent, which is a comparatively common commodity—displayed in its columns.

soon as you get home. Such is the mode of going to work practised by these wild men of the Saint Antoine stand, who are as different from the polished, civil coach and cab drivers of other districts, as a street fiddler from Paganini.

One morning, wishing to go to Vincennes, I felt a horror, from sad experience, of passing through among these reckless beings towards the other end of the street, and took a circuitous route, intending to traverse a little back lane, which lay in the desired direction. This manoeuvre might have been successful at other times, but now it took me into the very midst of the enemy. The Saint Antoine coachmen had not yet taken up their usual stands, and were seated on logs of wood, discussing their breakfasts, in this very lane, with their vehicles and horses beside them. I had popped on them before I saw my danger, and at the first glimpse of me, the whole band rose at one and the same instant, and flew towards me. My first thought was to fly, but they were too close for flight to save me; so, putting on a resolution, I clapped my hat firmly on my head, and marched towards them, with something of the feeling of a Curtius about to leap into the fatal gulf. A multitude of hands were speedily on my arms, shoulders, collar, and back, while reiterated queries were poured forth. "Do you wish to go to Saint Mandé, sir?" "To Vilette?" "Go with me, sir?" "With me, sir?" For a quarter of an hour this scene continued, by which time they had dragged me to the wheels of the first vehicle. Stunned and stupefied, I at last shook them off, and roared to them all to "go to the —," the person, in short, not to be named to ears polite. A shout of laughter broke forth from them, the unfeeling effect produced by anger that is unshared by those who have aroused it. "But where do you wish to go to, sir?" cried one of them, after a short pause. "To Vincennes," said I, fairly wearied out. "Ha!" cried a voice from the middle of the group, "this is my affair; the gentleman belongs to me. Stand about, ye dogs, or I'll make you."

The person who spoke thus was a vigorous-looking fellow, who immediately began to act up to his words. He pushed the others aside with his arms, and, having seized me by the collar, commenced whirling the butt end of a very heavy whip round about our two heads, while at the same time he stretched out one of his legs, and made it perform a most extraordinary circular movement, such as I had never seen a limb perform before, and which carried with it so effective a species of eloquence, that the circle soon enlarged considerably around us. Then the victor, lifting rather than leading me to his vehicle, placed me on the front seat outside, between an artillery-soldier and a servant-woman, who were already seated. "There is no better seat, sir," cried my coach-driver; "all the insides are taken up." And so it proved, for immediately a voice from that quarter grumbled out, in half suffocated tones, "They are taken up, truly! We are stuffed like a herring-barrel. Nine of us in a place where there is room only for six!"

Having a story to tell, I shall not dilate on all that happened before we got under weigh fairly on the road to Vincennes—how our driver tricked us by taking a circuit, and landing us again at the starting-point, bawling all the while, "Another seat for Vincennes!" and how he jumped off to light his pipe, and jumped on again, caring no more for the murmuring of his passengers than if he had nothing to do with them. Suffice it to say, that we were at last on our way to Vincennes, and that I began to converse familiarly with our driver, whose coolness was equally tantalising and amusing. He was a man about forty, with a weather-beaten but not unpleasant face, and an active powerful person. Having observed something remarkable about the movements of his leg—the same one which he had caused to make such strangely efficient revolutions—I looked attentively at the limb. He saw this, and exclaimed, "Ah, you wish to see *Cossack*; well, here it is." So saying, he showed me the leg to which he gave this odd name. It was a wooden one. "How lost you this?" said I, taking off my hat, for, to an old soldier, or to a grey head, I always pay this involuntary reverence; and by the blue ribbon (waved with black) on his breast, I saw that my friend had been in honourable wars. In answer to my question, he told me the following story:—

"Twenty years ago, on the morn of the 30th of March 1814, a proclamation appeared in Paris, signed by Napoleon's brother Joseph, in which it was announced that the hostile allies were within a few hours' march of the city. The sensation excited by the news cannot be described. Forty thousand workmen traversed the streets, vowing, with tears in their eyes, to die for France, and demanding arms and ammunition. But although these articles were not scarce, the demand was refused, on the plea that there would be no need of these weapons, 'since the sight of the clock of St Genevieve would be enough to terrify the invaders.' When I heard this, I said to myself, 'This may be, but my trust lies more in the protection of powder and bullets.' And away I went

home, and took down the carbine which my father had handed at the taking of the Bastille. I dismounted it, cleaned it carefully, put it to rights, and then said to it, 'Come, old one, do thy duty; rattle me these Prussians and Cossacks out of the land; and if a domestic traitor comes in thy way, keep quiet and still, till I look along thee at his heart! You understand me; that's all.' Throwing it on my shoulder, I then took my way to Louise.

Louise, sir, was my betrothed, and as pretty and honest a girl as dwelt in the neighbourhood. I had known her from infancy, and often had I heard her say, 'Jacques, I love thee.' We were to have been married in fifteen days, if nothing came in the way. But something did come in the way, and that is the reason why I am still a bachelor.

As soon as Louise saw me coming with my old carbine on my arm, she ran to me, and cried, 'Oh, Jacques, are you going to fight?' 'Yes, Louise.' 'And what if you are killed?' 'Then I shall be happy, my dear, for I shall not see strangers and conquerors enter Paris.' 'But for me, Jacques—what will become of me?' 'I will watch over you from above, Louise,' and I pointed to heaven. 'But, tush!' I continued, 'every soldier does not die in a battle. And it is but to-day that the serious chance will be, for to-morrow the emperor will arrive, and then our enemies may pray to their saints to save their souls, if they have saints and souls, for we will have no pity on the invaders' bodies. We must leave all to the will of heaven, Louise. Come, kiss me, my girl, and don't cry.' At the same time I wiped away two large tears from my own cheeks, but Louise did not see them, for her eyes were closed, and her cheek so pale, that one would have said she was dead. But she recovered, and fixing on me her two large sloes of eyes, she said, 'Jacques, you must let me go with you!' 'Impossible!' I replied; 'where I go is no place for women.' 'You will have need of sutlers, Jacques; I will attend the wounded, and carry refreshments to the soldiers! I will do any thing that you desire of me! They won't refuse to allow a poor girl to be serviceable to her wounded and dying countrymen.'

'Yes, if that would be injurious to her, and not useful to others. But listen, Louise. In a few hours I will meet the enemy, and I cannot deny that wounds may fall to my share as well as others. Well, go this evening to *Pere la Chaise*, to the tomb of thy mother. If I am living, I will come and meet thee there; but if night comes, and you see me not, then, my Louise, pray to heaven for me—and for France, for I, and many, many more, will then lie low!'

At this moment the trumpet-call sounded in the streets. A regiment defiled past the window, accompanied by several hundred artisans. I profited by the occasion, embraced and kissed Louise, who hung by my neck, and would scarcely let me go; opened the door, and in two steps I was with my comrades in the street. As long as I could see the house, I turned always back to look at it, and even thought of yet returning to my poor girl. But when her dwelling was out of view, I began to cry with the rest, 'Long live the Emperor!' and then thought only of how quickly I could move forward to the foe!

At this part of the story of Jacques, I cannot help remarking how much I was struck with the change in his manner as he warmed with his subject. His voice became grave and deep, and his expression and delivery easy and forcible, while at the same time the peculiarities of pronunciation common to his class disappeared. "When we came to the wood of Ro-mainville (he continued), we found the Cossacks already in possession of it. We were charged by our old hero of a leader, Marshal Mortier, with the task of driving them out of the wood; and never, perhaps, since the invention of arms, did soldiers enter a battle with such good will. The wood was carried at the point of the bayonet in twenty minutes! As I live, it was beautiful! But when we had gained our point, we saw forty thousand more of the allied enemy appear, and move on towards us. We counted not two thirds in all of that number, and had neither wall nor ditch to protect us. But, notwithstanding, we endured in that wood eleven consecutive attacks without flinching. We were at length compelled to evacuate the place, and, alas! to leave the enemy in possession of those positions from which he could destroy the capital. The suburbs were, in a measure, in the enemy's power! When I retraced my steps to Paris with my sad-hearted companions, I said, 'If the emperor is not here this night, his empire is ended!'

Immediately after this, I recollected my appointment with Louise in *Pere la Chaise* cemetery, and bent my course rapidly thither. As I entered the place of death, it was just growing dusk. The enemy had already begun from the outside of the city to rain small bombshells upon it, and the sounds of the cannonade contrasted strangely with the repose of the funeral grounds around me. I was also startled with something like the glitter of bayonets among the willows and trees of the place, but conceived my eyes to have misled me. My eyes, however, did not mislead me, when, on reaching the well-known grave of Louise's mother, which she and I had so often strewed with flowers, I beheld a soldier—an enemy, a Cossack—sitting with his arms folded on the very tomb-stone, and a woman's lifeless or motionless form stretched on the ground by its side! A dreadful thought flashed across my brain in an instant. An unprotected girl—the

hour—and a savage enemy! What misery was in the thought! My knees trembled, my eyes lost their power of vision. But another feeling banished the momentary imbecility: I was close behind the unconscious monster, and, with my carbine swung in my hands, I advanced to him, and in another moment his brains sprinkled the ground at my feet!

I sprang to the girl—to my own poor, unhappy Louise, raised her, and sat down with her in my arms. My voice recalled her from her swoon, but she shuddered at the sight of me. She came by degrees to a seeming calmness, and, parting her wildly dishevelled locks, looked me in the face for a time without speaking. 'Jacques,' said she at length, 'I have lived too long! Be witness that Louise could not survive dishonour.' With these words she sprang from my arms, and, seizing one of the pistols of the dead wretch at our feet, she held it to her head, ere I, stunned and stupefied as I was, could interfere. But the weapon missed fire.

The next moment Louise threw herself at my feet, and pulling aside her soiled and torn dress, she presented to me her open breast. 'Jacques!' cried she, in a tone of fearful calmness, 'I cannot now be your wife! For the love of mercy, kill me!'

I had in reality a thought of fulfilling her wish, and took up and loaded my carbine—but it was only a momentary thought. I let my weapon fall, and sat down, and cried like an infant. Louise had never moved. 'Jacques!' said she again, in heart-breaking accents, 'I am no longer worthy of you—kill me!' 'Kill thee!' said I at length to the poor girl, who threw herself on the ground before me, 'kill thee! Of what are you guilty? Do I not see that you are far more unfortunate than I?' A pause again followed. I passed my hand over my burning brow; and when I looked again, I saw that she was cold and chill. The sight cooled myself, and restored me to reason. I rose calmly, and said, 'No! I will not kill thee. We have both been unfortunate. For me—while I shall breathe—I shall breathe hate to the invaders! Louise, I will avenge thee! Now, my girl, courage! Behold our nuptial altar!'

With these words I knelt down beside her by her mother's tomb. 'The words spoken over the bones of the dead are sacred,' said I. 'In presence of that heaven which sees us, and of her who reposes below, I swear, that from this moment thou art my true and lawful wife! If I die, thou shalt bear my name.' We rose together. 'Heaven bless thee, my husband!' said Louise, with something like calmness; 'now, thou wilt not prevent me from following thee. It is the duty of a wife.' 'Be it so, my Louise. But see those bombs which fly in the air! They come to burn our houses; let us go and protect them. But hark!'

I listened. I thought I had heard a noise—a rustling behind one of the tombs. At first, in the imperfect light, I saw nothing, but, on looking attentively, I beheld a figure creeping on all-fours at a little distance. I watched till the form rose to an upright posture by the side of a cypress, and then I knew it to be an enemy, a Cossack. I raised my carbine, and shot him through the heart. He made a leap in the air, and fell with a cry that sounded over all the cemetery. 'Come, my wife,' said I to Louise, who applauded my deed with a wild bitterness most unlike her former gentle self. We began to move towards the city, but retreat was destined not to be so easy. The shot and the cry of the savage caused an unexpected commotion. From the farther end of the cemetery, a body of men advanced, starting from grave to grave, and seeming like the dead raised to life, and playing a fearful game with one another among the tombs. I saw at once that they were a band of Cossacks, sent forward either to occupy the cemetery or to act as scouts. They saw Louise and myself, but luckily they had not yet passed the spot, and the pathway out of the cemetery was yet open to us. Raising my nearly insensible Louise in my arms, I ran towards the city. The Cossacks had found their dead comrades, and forty or fifty balls whistled around us, but not one of them touched me, and Louise also was uninjured—till the last moment—till the last shot was fired, just as we reached a place of safety. I laid her down, ignorant of her hurt. 'Jacques! my dear Jacques! adieu!' she whispered; 'it is better thus—one kiss!' The life departed while her lips touched mine!

I become a child, sir," said poor Jacques, when he came to this part of his story, "I become a child when I think of the death of Louise, of the only woman I have ever loved! But though she did not live to see me keep my vow, I avenged her deeply. Wherever a struggle with the enemy took place at that time, there I was, marking these wretches of Cossacks with my old carbine. Ay, and when the land had been long cleared of them, I thought, when I fought at the barricades of the three days, that I was still fighting with the Cossacks, or, what was much the same, with those who had brought the Cossacks upon us. I did not grudge a leg in the cause, and in memory of those who took it from me, I call its substitute Cossack. That is all I have to tell, sir, and now here is Vincennes—all in good time."

It is astonishing (was my reflection on hearing the story of Jacques) what mines of strange and affecting recollections lie in corners of the world, where they are least suspected to exist. Here is one of those rough, thoughtless, frolicsome beings, whose lives seem to be a continued exhibition of overflying animal

spirits—here is one of them, who cherishes ever, in the deepest recesses of his breast, images of the saddest and tenderest kind—memories of love, and loveliness, and faith, and fond regret. Verily, it is a strange world, thought I; and not the least remarkable circumstances which have taken place in it, are those which marked the history of Jacques the Coachman.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INSALUBRITY OF THE WEST INDIES FOR SOLDIERS.

This has recently been subjected to the test of statistical inquiry. The deaths among our troops at home is 15 in 1000, or 1-66th, annually. It is ascertained that, for the last twenty years, the mortality amongst the same class of men in the Windward and Leeward Colonies (embracing Guiana, Trinidad, Tobago, Barbadoes, &c.) is 93, or one-eleventh, in the same period; in other words, there is *six times* more chance of death to a soldier who goes to these colonies, in the course of every successive year, than there is in Britain. During fourteen years previous to 1816, the case was much worse, the annual mortality being then 138 in every 1000, or nine times greater than in Britain. It is found that the admissions to hospitals during a year is nearly double the whole number of the troops, so that at an average every man is under serious medical treatment once in six months.

In Jamaica, on an average of twenty years (previous, we believe, to 1837), the average number of deaths was 143, or one-seventh, in 1000, a considerably higher proportion than in the colonies above mentioned. Thus, a healthy soldier, whose expectation of life in Britain would be forty or fifty years, if sent to Jamaica for a period not unusual, may consider that sentence of death has been passed upon him to be executed within seven years. It has been alleged, not without some show of truth, that he runs more danger from one year of Jamaica life than from being present at four such battles as that of Waterloo.

In Jamaica, a much larger proportion of the deaths are produced by fevers, and a much less proportion by diseases of the stomach and bowels, than in the other colonies. The privates run nearly twice the risk of the officers, in consequence, it is supposed, of the larger proportion of salted provisions in their food.

What says philosophy on this subject, so afflicting to humanity? That for white men born in a temperate clime to pursue fortune in a torrid one, and by the consequences of the particular mode of their pursuits to necessitate other white men residing there as a military police, is doing what nature has not designed them to do, and must, by virtue of the laws of providence, be attended with the same effects as long as it is persisted in. The mortality among black soldiers in Jamaica is only 30 in 1000 annually, or little more than one-fifth of the deaths among white soldiers. Does not nature here proclaim, in language not to be mistaken, that the black constitution has peculiarities fitting it for torrid climes, which the white constitution wants? And we entertain no doubt, that, in a future and more enlightened age, these truths will be acknowledged, and the attempt of a white man to reside within the tropics will be looked on as a solecism not less ridiculous than if he were wilfully to thrust his hand into the fire.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN SMOKING.

Whatever may be thought of the philosophy of the following paragraph (we are of course dissentients from it), no one will deny that it embodies an almost unrivalled piece of language-painting. It is from the second series of "The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville":—

"Happy-lookin' critter, ain't he, with that ere little, short, black pipe in his mouth? The fact is, squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher. Just look at him; his hat has got no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different-coloured patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an untanned moccasin on t'other. He ain't had his beard cut since last sheep-shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet you see the critter has a rakish look too. That ere old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin'; he has both hands in his trousers pocket, as if he had something 'worth feelin' there, while one eye shot-to on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke couldn't do that now, squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and Christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I've seen it and heard tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet, where it didn't come a little grain-heavy or sour out of the oven. Philosophy is like most other guests I've seed—it likes to visit them as keeps good tables; and though it has some poor acquaintances, it ain't more nor half pleased to be seen walkin' lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'—"

STREET IMPROVEMENT.

In this country, the improvement of streets is a tedious and difficult process, in consequence of the necessity of applying in every case for the sanction of a legislative body usually overtaken by political business. In New York, where there once existed a great number of narrow crooked streets, built by the Dutch settlers in the seventeenth century, a much more prompt plan has been adopted. An officer named

Street Commissioner was appointed, an engineer of high reputation being the individual chosen, whose duty it was to furnish plans for the alteration of those dense parts of the city. Sometimes one side of a narrow street would be taken down altogether, and placed farther back. Sometimes, only a few jutting houses would require to be taken out of the way. Sometimes a new and wide street would be formed across a multitude of narrow ones. In many instances, the property of individuals was much enhanced in value: an assessment on these generally sufficed to compensate those whose property was injured. The approbation of two-thirds of the parties interested, and of a majority in the two branches of the city council, was necessary before a plan could be acted upon; and, after all, any individual who conceived himself to be injured was allowed an appeal to a jury. The results have been most satisfactory, the public convenience and general health being advanced, without harm to individuals. In England, men have to wait centuries for a great fire, to bring about improvements which have only to be willed in America in order to be carried into effect.

MITCHELL'S EXPLORATORY EXPEDITIONS IN AUSTRALIA.*

It is generally known that, though the colony of New South Wales has been in existence for half a century, no other part of the vast continent of Australia (excepting the districts of Swan River, South Australia, and one or two other parts of the coast) was, till a recent period, known to civilised man. The enormous interior of Australia is to this day a perfect blank in the map. In 1831, in consequence of an anxiety on the part of the government to extend geographical discovery in this quarter, the author of the work under our notice proceeded on an expedition towards the north-west of the colony of New South Wales, accompanied by a competent number of attendants, chiefly a better class of convicts. New South Wales, it will be readily recollected by all in the least acquainted with its geography, consists chiefly of a narrow slope of country backed by hills; beyond which hills, for the better part of a thousand miles, there is a slope in the opposite direction, traversed by several great rivers, which collect in the Murray River, and descend into the sea at a point on the south coast in latitude 35°, and longitude 139°. The duty performed by Major Mitchell on his first expedition in 1831, was to explore the *Nommos*, the most northerly branch of this great family of rivers which is as yet known to exist. In 1835, he in like manner explored the *Bogan*, the next to the south, and proceeded on the course of the *Darling* from the point where the *Bogan* joins it, to a point within about a hundred miles of the point where the *Darling*, in its turn, pours its copious waters into the Murray. On the third expedition in 1836, our author performed a still more extensive journey, first exploring the *Laachlan*, a still more southerly branch of the Murray, to its junction with the Murray—then diverging to a region of the south coast called Australia Felix, and finally returning to Sydney by a long and tedious journey in a north-easterly direction. The last expedition occupied seven months—from March till October.

The total wildness of the vast regions traversed by Major Mitchell, the dangerous character of many of the savage tribes by whom the country is thinly peopled, the great personal hardships endured, particularly from want of water, and the *romance* inseparable from all such expeditions, give an interest to these volumes, altogether over and above the value which they bear as an accession to our geographical knowledge. We do not propose to give an outline of any of the three expeditions, which we fear would only weary, without either entertaining or informing, the reader. Our friends will probably feel more obliged to us for the following abridgement of a part of the second expedition, relating to the unfortunate fate of Mr Richard Cunningham, the botanist of the party.

Major Mitchell, on this occasion, left Sydney with upwards of twenty active men in company, and provided with seven carts, and the necessary allotment of cattle for their conveyance. The object of the expedition, as already intimated, was the exploration of the course of the *Darling*, a large river known to exist in the interior of the country, to the north-west of the province of New South Wales. The party proceeded at first nearly in a straight line to the west, but on reaching the bounds of New South Wales colony, they took a north-westerly direction, in order to find the *Bogan*, a stream which had been previously discovered in this quarter, and which they had the means of navigating, if necessary. On the 17th of April, at the close of a very hot day, it was reported to Major Mitchell that the botanist of the expedition, Mr Richard Cunningham, was missing. As this gentleman had been frequently led, by his professional eagerness, to stray a little from his companions, his absence did not at first excite much uneasiness. The country being extremely arid, and water much required by the party, Major Mitchell set out that same evening in search of a pool or spring, and, by following a dry channel, had the good fortune to reach the bed of the river *Bogan*. On rejoining the

party with leathern bottles and kettles filled with the precious fluid, "I had the pain (says Major Mitchell) to learn, about eleven o'clock, that Mr Cunningham was still absent, and, which was worse, probably suffering from that want from which we had just been providentially relieved. I had repeatedly cautioned this gentleman about the danger of losing sight of the party in such a country; yet his carelessness in this respect was quite surprising." In addition to the danger of perishing from hunger or thirst in a country so arid in soil, and so barren of all vegetable or animal products, it was inhabited by unknown tribes, whose dispositions were but little to be depended upon by white men and travellers. The latitude of this part of the country was about 33° south, and the longitude 148° east from Greenwich.

The first night passed away, and the morning brought no news of Mr Cunningham. The party moved onwards for about eight miles due north, when they reached the bed of the *Bogan*, which was then dry, with the exception of here and there a pool of standing water. By the side of one of these the travellers encamped, and night came on without bringing any tidings of Cunningham. This was the more remarkable, as the track left by the carts was like a beaten turnpike road. "On the morning of April the 19th," says Major Mitchell, "after an almost sleepless night, I arose early, and could only relieve my anxiety by organising a search to be made in different directions, and getting into movement as soon as possible. The darkness of a second night of dreary solitude had passed over our fellow-traveller, under the accumulated horrors of thirst, hunger, and despair!" Mr Cunningham had been last seen about twelve miles back from the spot where the party encamped on the side of the *Bogan*, and as, in that space, the direction of the route had been changed from north-west to due north, it appeared probable that the botanist had not observed the change, and had strayed to the westward. Upon this supposition Major Mitchell resolved to examine the whole country westward of the line of route, for twelve miles back. The major himself, with two attendants, and other two parties of two men each, accordingly set out in different lines to the west, south, and south-west, all carrying water and provisions. The country traversed consisted generally of small open plains, with alternate patches of scrubs (or thickets) and open forest land. The travellers could usually see about two miles about them, but no trace was found of Mr Cunningham, or of the horse and kangaroo dog which were with him. In the centre of a small plain, Major Mitchell set up a piece of paper fixed in a stick, with this inscription—"Dear Cunningham, these are my horse's tracks; follow them backwards; they will lead you to our camp, which is N.E. of you.—T. Mitchell." In returning to the camp, the major joined one of the other parties, and the whole five persons went over the ground at the distance of two hundred yards from each other. They saw no footmarks, though on the same ground tracks of Mr Cunningham were afterwards found. The major and his companions (as well as the other two men) reached the camp, half in the hope of finding the absentee to have arrived there. He had not been seen, and Major Mitchell spent another night—the night of the 19th—in painful anxiety.

On the 20th, Mr Souter (the medical attendant of the party), and Murray (the man who had last seen Cunningham, and who knew the point where he had turned off the route), were dispatched along the cart line, to prosecute the search in that quarter, and also to engage, if possible, some natives, who had been seen there, in the same inquiry. Major Mitchell was still hopeful that Cunningham, if living, and not lying helpless from some accidental hurt, would rejoin the company, as he well knew the general direction in which the expedition was proceeding. Still thinking that the absentee must have erred by taking too westerly a direction, Major Mitchell, notwithstanding a severe sprain in one of his ankles, again set out (on the 21st) in person, in a south-south-west line from the encampment on the *Bogan*. He was absent from the camp during the whole of the 21st, 22d, and 23d, and explored (to use his own words) "every open space, and looked into many bushes—but in vain." He saw two elderly natives, belonging to a band who were close by, but who kept out of sight. On approaching them with a green bough, the two natives sat down till the major came up, but he was unable to make them understand that he was in search of another white man. On the evening of the 23d, when he reached the encampment, the major was again disappointed in his hope of finding Mr Cunningham there. He heard, however, that the botanist's track had been at length seen. On the previous evening (the 22d) the doctor and Murray had returned with the news that they had seen the mark of Cunningham's horse, but they had to give up the track for want of provisions. Next day (the 23d) they had returned to the place, and were absent when the major came back to the camp. He waited for their return with great anxiety. Late on the 24th, they made their reappearance, and, to the great regret of all, reported that they had distinctly seen the track of the dog, and that of Cunningham's own steps beside those of the horse, as if he had been leading him; but that they had lost all trace of these marks in an oak-scrub or thicket.

Major Mitchell, on the 25th of April, dispatched the doctor and other three persons to examine again the oak-scrub thoroughly, and endeavour to follow the

* Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, with Descriptions of the Recently Explored Region of Australia Felix, and of the Present Colony of New South Wales. By Major T. L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General. 2 vols. 8vo. London, T. and W. Boone, 1838.

tracks beyond it. "The party did not return till the 28th, when all they brought of Mr Cunningham was his saddle, bridle, whip, one glove, two straps, and a piece of paper folded like a letter, inside of which were cut (as with a penknife), the letters N.E. Having found the track beyond the scrub, the party had followed it until they came to where the horse lay dead, having still the saddle on, and the bridle in its mouth." From the tortuous track of the horse latterly, it was supposed that it had been left by the rider, or had got away from him. This was confirmed by the whip and straps being found at a distance from the animal. "It had evidently died for want of water, but the fate of its unfortunate rider was still a mystery." His track showed, that, after having deviated first from the main band, he had gone about fourteen miles to the north-west, where he had spent the night, as the marks showed. He then seemed to have adopted the intention of returning to the main line, but by the zig-zag course he took, he must either have done this in the dark, or must have been looking for his own track, in order to retrace it. While doing this, he had actually come within a mile of the cart-beaten line, though going south at the time, while the company was going north. On the second night of his absence (the 18th), he appears to have slept at the southernmost point of his route that day, and, on the 19th, to have again turned to the westward. On that day, "it seemed (says Major Mitchell) that he had found my paper directing him to trace my steps backwards, and that he had been doing this where the paper marked N.E. had been found, and which I therefore considered as a sort of reply to my paper. If we were right as to the nights, this must have taken place on the very day on which I had passed that way, my eye eagerly catching at every dark-coloured distant object in hopes of finding him!" After seeing the direction on the paper, and following the major's track to the north-east for upwards of a mile, Mr Cunningham had struck off at a right angle to the north-west. For this "fatal deviation" Major Mitchell "found it impossible to account," he says, but we think something like an explanation is afforded by the sequel.

For upwards of seventy miles had Mr Cunningham's wanderings now been tracked by his humane companions. Nor did their exertions yet cease. Early on the 29th, Major Mitchell set out for the spot where the unfortunate botanist's steps had last been seen. His foot-marks were found to strike straight northward from a thick scrub, where he appears to have killed and eaten the dog, as its marks were nowhere seen afterwards. Besides, his steps were remarkably firm and vigorous, which would scarcely have been the case after an entire abstinence of three days and three nights. Following Mr Cunningham's northward course, which led straight to the Bogan, his steps were at last utterly lost sight of on hard bare ground, nor could they again be seen. Major Mitchell was reluctantly compelled to return to the camp. Here he learnt that some of the party had gone down the Bogan, and had returned with the information, derived from the natives, that Cunningham had reached the Bogan, and gone down it. This raised the cheering hope that he might yet be found, and gave the assurance that he could not have perished, like his horse, from thirst. Major Mitchell infers, from Mr Cunningham taking his course down the Bogan, that he believed himself to have deviated to the eastward of the main route rather than to the westward; but we should rather imagine that both his departure from the direction of the paper, and his course down the Bogan, arose from his belief that the party were by that time far ahead of him.* He had not believed, it seems to us, that the party would stay so long in one spot waiting for himself, but would consider him as irrevocably lost, or ahead of them, and would move on. Therefore, by striking to the north and north-west, after a vain attempt to recover the line by going south, he had probably hoped to come up with his friends.

On receiving the intelligence already mentioned, Major Mitchell, on the 30th of April, after a twelve days' stay, moved down the left bank of the Bogan, and at about five miles from the camp, to the great delight of all, came again upon Cunningham's shoe-marks! "With sanguine hopes we traced them to a pond of the river, and the two steps by which Mr Cunningham first reached the water, and in which he must have stood while allaying his burning thirst, were very plain in the mud!" Alas! little did poor Cunningham think that the friends he sought for were then but a few miles behind him, filled with anxiety for his fate, and eager to relieve his wants and soothe his sufferings! He journeyed on, and a party sent forward returned next day (1st of May) with the pleasing intelligence that his steps still continued visible in the bed of the river. A small naked foot, it was also reported, was visible by the side of his, but whether from some one accompanying or from some one tracking him, could not be determined. On the second of May, however, when the party crossed the country to cut off a bend of the river, and at night encamped again on the Bogan, no trace of Mr Cunningham's footsteps was there visible in the channel of the stream. They were never found again below that

place. On the day last mentioned, a silk handkerchief was also found in the possession of a native, but no one could aver to having ever seen it in the possession of Mr Cunningham, and the natives showed no signs of having got it in a guilty way. They pointed to the north-east as the quarter where they had procured it, from a person whom they could not otherwise name than by the title of Old Fellow. Still most humanely anxious about his companion, Major Mitchell, on the 3d of May, sent back two men to take up and follow the track of Mr Cunningham in the part of the river not passed over, and these men returned on the 5th, with a portion of the skirt of the botanist's coat, and with some fragments of his papers. These were found near a place where the natives had recently kindled fires, and not another trace of Mr Cunningham's feet could be seen afterwards. All marks of him ended at these fires. Major Mitchell, therefore, was forced to pursue his journey, and he never subsequently, during the progress of the expedition, heard any decisive intelligence of poor Cunningham, though, on returning up the Bogan some months afterwards, he saw strong reason to suspect that the Bogan natives had murdered him. But he obtained no distinct proof on the subject.

The mysterious uncertainty that hung over poor Cunningham's fate, however, was at last cleared up, and the suspicion of Major Mitchell proved unfortunately but too correct. A party sent for the express purpose to the Bogan country, in October 1835, captured a band of forty natives, men, women, and children, who gave up three men of their tribe, as the murderers of Mr Cunningham. A knife, a glove, and a cigar-case, belonging to that gentleman, were found in the bags of the tribe. The three murderers confessed the deed. Cunningham had come up to them on the Bogan one evening, and made signs for food. They gave it to him, and he encamped with them that night. The botanist got up repeatedly in the night, and this (said the natives) excited their suspicion, and they resolved to destroy him, which they effected by coming behind him, and striking him with a heavy weapon on the head. The truth of this confession was made evident, by the natives taking the party to the spot, and showing them poor Cunningham's bleaching bones. They were gathered up, laid in the earth, and a humble mound erected above them. Unfortunately, two of the murderers escaped from their captors, and only one was brought down to the white settlements to pay for his crime. A fourth man had been present at the murder, but he never fell into the hands of the white party.

Richard Cunningham must be added to the list of those talented and adventurous sons of Britain who have fallen victims to their zeal for the progress of scientific knowledge. The book which records his fate, we again cordially recommend to the reading world.

TOPOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DUMFRIES.

THE county of Dumfries, known as one of the most beautiful, as well as most valuable and populous, in Scotland, is situated on the northern shore of the Solway, with one portion of its border adjoining to Cumberland, and other portions to the counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, Ayr, and Kirkcudbright. Three rivers, the Esk, the Annan, and the Nith, descending from the hills on the north to the Solway, give to the county the character of an assemblage of parallel vales, the upper parts of which are bounded by considerable eminences, while the lower parts melt into one broad plain of slightly varied surface—the various districts being respectively termed Eskdale, Annandale, and Nithsdale. By no violent fancy, the whole might be likened to a fine landscape garden, of southerly exposure, wind-sheltered on the north, and dipping its feet in some broad and refreshing river. It is essentially a rural county, depending chiefly on its natural produce, although there are a few small ports on the Solway, and some manufactures are conducted on a limited scale. The chief noble proprietors are the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, the Marquis of Queensberry, and the Earls of Hopetoun and Mansfield; and the chief surnames are Bell, Carruthers, Douglas, Graham, Irvine, Jardine, Johnston, Maxwell, and Scott, being the same which flourish in the history of the old wars of the district.

Dumfries, the principal town, and one of the minor or provincial capitals of Scotland, is situated in the lower part of Nithsdale, and upon the river Nith, near the place where it expands into a minor arm of the sea—71 miles south from Edinburgh, 34 north-west from Carlisle, and 341 from London. Inclusive of a suburb on the opposite side of the river, which forms a distinct burgh of barony, under the name of Maxwelltown, and forms part of another county, but is in all other respects identical with Dumfries, the population may be reckoned as between thirteen and fourteen thousand. The town is handsomely built of the red sandstone of the district, and derives much additional beauty from the river, and from the highly cultivated

and ornamented environs—the hills resting dimly on the verge of the surrounding distance. Some manufactures are carried on in Dumfries, but they are not of the character which give large returns and rapid advancement to a place—hosiery, for example, tanning, and the making of wooden shoes and of baskets. Neither does the navigation to and from the small port on the river beneath the town, confer much commercial distinction, being chiefly employed in exporting rural produce, and importing coal, lime, and ordinary goods. Dumfries figures more as an entrepôt for the transmission of cattle and pork from the district to England, than in any other commercial capacity. It is also the residence of a considerable number of persons in independent circumstances, partly composed of the neighbouring gentry, partly of retired public servants, and partly of individuals who have realised property in foreign climes. But it is chiefly as the shopkeeping place of a large tract of country, that the town subsists. It accordingly bears a strong resemblance to many of the genteel quiet towns of the east and south of England.

Dumfries, we are told by the ordinary statistical works, besides two parish churches, and a variety of other places of worship, a town-house, a county-jail, and court-house, together with two bridges across the Nith, has an academy of good reputation, an infirmary, and a handsome suite of assembly-rooms. The town is a royal burgh of ancient standing, forming the chief of a group by which a member of parliament is elected. The vessels belonging to the port are 84, of 5783 aggregate tonnage. Steam-vessels sail twice a week from the neighbouring ports on the Nith to Liverpool, with which Dumfries has long had much communication, and where many of her sons are settled in various courses of industry. Besides four annual fairs held in Dumfries, two of which are for horses, and two for black cattle, there is a great cattle-market at the close of September, at which it is not unusual for £30,000 to change hands. Three newspapers are published weekly—the *Courier*, of about thirty years' standing, moderately liberal in politics, and conducted by Mr McDiarmid; the *Times*, started at a comparatively recent period for the diffusion of ultra-liberal views; and the *Herald*, also a paper of recent origin, of conservative politics, and under the management of Mr Aird, a well-known writer in Blackwood's Magazine.

The name, in its original spelling, *Drumfries*, indicates the pristine condition of the place—a ridge or rising ground covered with brushwood. At what time, or from what circumstances, the town took its rise, is not known. In the thirteenth century it is found to have been the site of a strong fortress belonging to the family of Comyn, so remarkable at that time for its power, and its connection with some of the most important events of our history. Perhaps the erection of the bridge across the Nith, which took place about the middle of the thirteenth century, by rendering this a great point of confluence in the communication of two large districts, was what caused, or chiefly promoted, the rise of Dumfries. This bridge was of very solid masonry, in thirteen arches, and was built at the cost of Devorgilla or Devorgilla, daughter of one of the half-savage chiefs of Galloway, and wife of John Baliol of Castle Bernard—the same lady who founded the college which bears her husband's name in Oxford. She also founded here a Grey-Friars' Monastery, which not long after became the scene of a memorable event. After her son John Baliol had become king of Scotland, and been dethroned by Edward—after Wallace's efforts to retrieve Scottish independence had proved vain—the Red Comyn here held a conference (February 10, 1305), with Robert Bruce, who was then wavering between submission to the conqueror, and a wish to assert his title to the throne. High words took place between the two chiefs, and Bruce, forgetting the sacredness of the place, gave his enemy a blow with his dagger. Coming out to his friends at the gate of the monastery, he said, agitatedly, "I doubt I have killed the Red Comyn;" when Roger Kirkpatrick exclaimed, "Doubtest thou?—I mak siccar!" [*I make sure*], and, seizing his master's bleeding dagger, rushed in and dispatched the wounded man. It was this violent action which decided Bruce to rear his standard, and commence that series of struggles which terminated nine years after in the independence of his country, and the fixing of his own family on the throne. The site of the monastery is still known, but not a vestige of its walls remains, and the place has long been covered by private buildings. It is reported that a citizen of Dumfries, whose house stood on the ground which had once been occupied by Devorgilla's monastery, was so fortunate, at no distant date, as to discover a considerable amount of treasure underneath the floor of one of his rooms, by which from a poor he became a rich man. It was

* Major Mitchell's note to Cunningham seems to have had no date, which was unfortunate, because the wanderer could not thus know how recently it had been written, when he saw it.

supposed that the treasure must have been concealed in that spot at the time when the monastery flourished.

In the course of the wars which followed the death of Comyn, Edward I. took King Robert's brother-in-law, Sir Chrystal Seton, and, bringing him to Dumfries, caused him to be hanged as a common felon, upon a small mound to the north of the town. The widow of the knight afterwards caused a small chapel to be built upon this mound, that prayers might for ever be said for his soul, on the spot where it had taken wing for a serener world. The endowment perished of course at the Reformation; but some part of the *Chrystal Chapel*, as it was called, survived till the year 1715, when it was appropriated to aid in fortifying the town against an approaching band of rebels.

In warlike times, when the honest burghers of the towns near the border were frequently called on to defend themselves from hostile incursions, those of Dumfries had a particular gathering-cry, namely, *LOREBURN*, such being the name of a small stream near the *Chrystal Chapel*, where they were accustomed to assemble in arms, when any danger was apprehended. The word is to this day inscribed on the baton of office carried by the provost or chief magistrate of the burgh. The last time when this stirring word was sounded through the streets and lanes of Dumfries, was on an occasion above alluded to, when a detachment of the rebel army traversed the south of Scotland for the purpose of raising the Border Jacobites. The insurgents posted themselves on the face of Kirkmichael Hill, about nine miles to the north of Dumfries, and within sight of it, where they deliberated for some time upon the propriety of attacking the town, and subjecting it to spoliation, as a nest of inveterate whigs, and enemies of divine right. Three small circular groves of fir, afterwards planted on the various pieces of ground which they occupied, still realise to a modern and peaceful imagination the very form and aspect which this wild band must have borne in the eyes of the threatened burghers of Dumfries. At length, finding that the town had put itself into a more warlike posture than was expected, Lord Kenmore, who commanded the rebels, thought fit to decamp. This nobleman, as is well known, afterwards expiated his crime on the scaffold, in company with the youthful and lamented Derwentwater. His estates and title were afterwards regained by his family, and are now possessed by his grandson.

When Prince Charles approached the town on his retreat from England, December 1745, the inhabitants found the multitude of his followers too great to make resistance advisable. He therefore took peaceable possession of the town, upon which, in consideration of some demonstrations it had made in favour of the government, he imposed a fine of £2000, commanding at the same time a thousand pairs of shoes to be provided for his men. He took up his own lodging in what was then considered as the best house in the town, being that which is now the Commercial Inn, situated on the south side of the High Street. Within the last two years, an aged female lived in Edinburgh, who recollected the occupation of Dumfries by the Highland army, being then seventeen years of age.* She lived opposite to the prince's lodging, and frequently saw him. In her father's house several of the men were quartered, and it was her recollection that they greatly lamented the course which they had taken, and feared the issue of the expedition. The proprietor of the house occupied by the prince was a Mr Richard Lowthian, a non-juror, and proprietor of Stafford Hall in Cumberland. Though well affected to the prince's cause, he judged it prudent not to appear in his company, and yet neither did he wish to offend him by the appearance of deliberately going out of his way. The expedient he adopted in this dilemma was one highly characteristic of the time—he got himself filled so extremely drunk, that his being kept back from the company of his guest was only a matter of decency. His wife, who could not well be taxed with treason, did the honours of the house without scruple; and some other Jacobite ladies, particularly those of the attained house of Carnwath,† came forward to grace his court. When the writer was lately at Dumfries, he saw, in the possession of a private family, one of a set of table napkins, of the most beautiful damask, resembling the finest satin, which the ladies Dalzell had taken to grace the table of the prince,‡ and which they had kept ever after with the care due to the most precious relics. The drawing-room in which Charles received company is a very handsome one, panelled all round, with Corinthian pilasters, the capitals of which are touched with dim gold. He was sitting here at supper with his officers and other friends, when he was told that a messenger had arrived with intelligence respecting the enemy. One M'Ghie, a painter in Dumfries, and a friend of the insurgents, had been imposed upon at Annan, with the false news that the Duke of Cumberland had already taken Carlisle, and was advancing to Dumfries. Charles received this intelligence in another room, and soon after returned to his friends with a countenance manifestly dejected. The consequence was, that he hurriedly left the town next day, with only eleven hundred of the two thousand pounds, but carrying the provost and another

gentleman as security for the payment of the remainder. Mrs Lowthian received from him, as a token of regard, a pair of leather gloves, so extremely fine that they could be drawn through her ring. These, as well as the bed he had slept on, were carefully preserved by the family, and are still in existence.

No circumstance connected with Dumfries is apt to give it so much interest in the eyes of a stranger, as its having been the last residence and the burial-place of the immortal poet, Burns. This extraordinary man, for some years after he had acquired celebrity, possessed the farm of Ellisland, on the Nith, about six miles from Dumfries. At the close of the year 1791, finding the farm unprofitable, he removed with his wife and children to the town, where he had no other means of subsistence than what he derived from an income (at first £50, and never more than £70) which he drew as an officer of excise. The house in which he lived is shown in a humble street, originally named the Mill-hole Brae, but now Burns Street, in honour of the poet. It is a small tenement of two stories, the upper one containing the chamber in which he died. After his death in 1796, his widow lived for thirty-eight years in the same house, honoured by all ranks for her modest and amiable character. She died in 1834, at the age of sixty-seven. The life of Burns in Dumfries was unhappy; for, with a too limited income derived from an office beneath his talents and character, he was forbidden by his narrow-spirited superiors to exercise the common privilege of thinking for himself. But this only lends greater depth to the feelings with which the stranger beholds all that was connected with him in and around Dumfries—the house in which he lived and died, the walks which he haunted for the sake of solitary musings, even the taverns which he frequented for festive indulgences, carried too often beyond the pitch of prudence; and, above all, the tomb where, after life's fitful fever, his ashes at length repose in peace.

The large burial-ground connected with the principal church of Dumfries, St Michael's, contains the remains of Burns. He was at first interred in the north-east corner, in a piece of ground belonging to a member of the family of his friend Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop. But in 1815, when it was resolved that an elegant mausoleum should be erected over his body, the remains were removed to a spot at a little distance, which was thought more suitable for such an erection. On this occasion, the hair was found still fresh upon the head of the poet, and even the lineaments of his face were preserved, though they soon after sank into dust. The mausoleum is a goodly structure, containing a very tame and ineffective piece of sculpture, in which Burns is represented at the plough, while his imaginary muse Coila is throwing her "inspiring mantle" over him. What is more affecting than all this parade of art, is a slab of sandstone inserted in the floor of the mausoleum, in front of the sculpture; the original modest tomb-stone which his widow procured from her slender funds to be laid above his grave, when his countrymen as yet thought not of distinguishing the spot by their showy patronage. Here is a touch truly "beyond the reach of art." Besides the dust of Burns, the vault below contains the remains of his wife, of two of his children, and of the wife of his eldest son.

St Michael's churchyard is remarkable above all which the writer has seen in Scotland, for the number of monuments of all kinds contained in it. Judging from its appearance, the appetite for posthumous notoriety must be of the most ravenous kind in Dumfries. Mr M'Diarmid, the editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, ascertained, a few years ago, that there were 109 monuments of the first order, many of them constructed in a very fine style, two in particular having cost upwards of six hundred guineas; 712 tomb-stones on pillars, in good repair; and 216 head-stones or erect slabs; besides about one thousand dilapidated or decayed monuments, and a hundred and eighteen pieces of enclosed ground for families; the cost of the whole being estimated at twenty thousand pounds sterling. Some years ago, when the present writer for the first time visited the churchyard of Dumfries, a remark occurred to him, which he embodied in the following terms, in a work which he soon after published:—"It cannot fail to strike the stranger who visits the grave of Burns, that, while all these monuments, though commemorating honourable, most honourable men, are left to be overgrown by dust, and obliterated by decay, while simple virtue, and splendid rank, and even respectable learning and warlike achievement, are forgotten like nine-days' wonders, Burns's Mausoleum, the object of perpetual attention, exhibits a constant freshness! The grass gets leave to grow rank around the grave-stones of citizens, and the locks which secure the vaulted dust of birth and title, grow so rusty that the key forgets its cunning. The inconsolable widow ceases to visit the tomb of him who was dearest to her bosom; the son forgets his mother's grave. The monuments of such persons pass away in generations, even like those whom they commemorate. But the sepulchre of the poet is never neglected. He was the friend of all mankind, and for all time; every successive generation has an interest in him. While the services of statesmen and warriors, matters of merely temporary gratitude, as of temporary usefulness, perish from the public mind, his services, always before the eyes of mankind, and always capable of yielding the same profit and delight, are never forgotten. The track

which stretches athwart all other graves towards the mausoleum of Burns, is—glorious symbol of real fame!—a *beaten thoroughfare*; the door is ever open, the floor is daily cleaned, and the evergreens and flowers which bourgeon around it, are unfading and imperishable for his sake."

STORY OF QUEEN MATILDA OF DENMARK.

CAROLINE MATILDA, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of George III., King of Great Britain, was born on the 22d of July 1751. In her childhood she exhibited a most amiable disposition, and many personal graces, which qualities suffered no diminution as she increased in years. When she attained to the age of fifteen, she was, indeed, remarkable for almost every attribute that can adorn her sex; and this circumstance, conjoined with the exalted rank which fortune had bestowed on her, might have given rise to the anticipation that happiness would have been her portion in life. But when she had attained to the age of fifteen, one of those royal matches, in which the affections have no share, was provided for the youthful and blooming princess, and her history was thus ultimately rendered a memorable instance of the instability of human greatness.

Christian VII. of Denmark was the husband selected for Caroline Matilda. He was a prince originally weak in mind, and, though but two years older than the princess, had already impaired his constitution by debaucheries. The royal pair were contracted in 1766, and some time afterwards, the princess was conducted to the court of Denmark, with all the high ceremonials befitting the sister of one of the most powerful monarchs of the civilised world. Queen Matilda (as she was usually named) was not long in Copenhagen, ere, at her husband's hands, in place of the kindness due to a wife, a woman, and a stranger, so young and so lovely, she underwent only violence and ill-treatment. Her only peace lay in submitting to his caprices, which he carried to such an absurd and unseemly length, as to compel her to appear on horseback in male attire with him—for yielding to which whim she was sharply reproved by her mother, the Princess of Wales. In short, the Danish king behaved to her in every way with extreme impropriety, and often with barbarity. Christian's stepmother, the queen-dowager, and her son prince Frederick, were also jealous of Queen Matilda's influence, and conducted themselves to her with uniform hostility.

Nearly two years passed away in this manner, when the Danish king thought proper to make a tour through Europe. His adviser in this scheme was his favourite minister Stolk, who was also one of the interested enemies of the poor young queen. Some of the elder councillors wished to prevent Christian from entering on any such journey, conceiving that the only result would be the exposure of his weakness and folly to the whole of Europe. The king, however, would and did go. In this tour, which took place in 1768, it chanced that he required the attendance of a physician at Altona, in the duchy of Holstein. Struensee, the son of a Lutheran bishop in Holstein, had just begun at that period to practise medicine at Altona, after having edited a newspaper for some time. He was recommended to the Danish king as a physician, and soon crept into extraordinary favour. Struensee was then twenty-nine years old, possessed of an agreeable exterior and pleasing manners, and neither deficient in talent nor in information. He had, moreover, the proper degree of subserviency, and a power of amusing, which sealed his success. In Christian's visit to England, Dr Struensee, as he was termed, formed one of the royal suite.

On the return of Christian to Copenhagen, Struensee, who had continued to advance in the good graces of the king, was immediately appointed a cabinet minister, and entrusted, in fact, with the supreme power. Struensee was not long in sending for his brother, whom he made a councillor of state; Brandt, another adventurer, was appointed to superintend the palace and the imbecile king; and Rantzen, who had been Struensee's colleague in the editorship of the Altona newspaper, was nominated to the post of foreign minister, though he had formerly been sent in disgrace from the court. The majority of the former officials were at the same time removed. Such was the complete change which the introduction of Struensee (who, with his colleague Brandt, was made an earl or count) effected at the court of Denmark. As far as the political conduct of Struensee is concerned, it need only be remarked here, that, in the course of his term of power, he abolished the torture, emancipated the enslaved husbandmen, and introduced religious toleration into Denmark; acts which must be placed in the balance against many ill-judged measures which his inexperience led him to adopt.

It is in as far as it affected the fate of Queen Matilda, that this change in the face of Danish affairs is to be considered in this place. Struensee made the young queen comparatively happy for the first time since her departure from her home. He exerted his influence to restore to her the good graces and affections of her husband, and this object he easily accomplished. It was natural that the grateful queen should have bestowed her confidence on one who had so materially improved her situation, and whom that very act had shown to be possessed of the power to change it at will. The confidence thus founded led to unhappy conse-

* Widow Blake was the name of this remarkable person, who died at fully the age of 108. She had been the wife of a dragon in the reign of George II.

† Dalzell, Earl of Carnwath, attainted in 1716—restored in 1806, in the person of Robert Alexander Dalzell.

‡ It bore the initials J. D. and the date 1704.

quences. A strong party in the kingdom looked with distrust and hate on the band of favourites, whose conduct, in many respects, merited reprobation. As became better known afterwards, than it was at the time, the private habits of Struensee were depraved and licentious, and he and his associates were open free-thinkers in religious matters. The people, who were in general religiously disposed, attributed to them all the masquerading and balling which went on perpetually at court, though this, in reality, arose from the weak king's own tastes, indulged merely by them. Unfortunately, in whatever the ministers did, the young queen was held to be a participator; though, according to the description of a close observer, her disposition was averse from all such revelries as those alluded to. "Matilda was of a mild and reserved character, and one well qualified to enjoy and impart happiness." The queen-dowager contributed, it has been said, to the misfortunes of the young queen, by artfully leading her, under the semblance of friendship, into all such steps as were calculated to make her unpopular; while of these very steps, the dowager-queen's emissaries took advantage, by swelling and misrepresenting them every where to the young queen's injury.

Such was the condition of things when an attempt to incorporate the Royal Guards with other regiments, excited a mutinous spirit among them, and the enemies of Struensee saw a favourable opportunity for overthrowing him. On the night of the 16th of January 1772, a masked ball was given at court, where the king appeared, and treated his ministers with the same favour as usual. Conspirators and victims mingled in the festivities, it was afterwards observed, with more than their wonted gaiety. At four o'clock in the morning, a different scene began. The king was asleep in his chamber, when the queen-dowager, her son Prince Frederick, and Rantzau (the ungrateful colleague of Struensee), entered the royal apartment, compelled the valet to awaken Christian, and required his majesty instantly to sign an order for the apprehension of the Queen Matilda and Counts Struensee and Brandt, who (they pretended) were then engaged in a plot to depose, if not to murder him. The king hesitated, perhaps from some remnant of humanity or moral restraint. But the queen-dowager told him that his wife and her accomplices were at that moment busied in drawing an act of renunciation, which they would immediately come and compel him to sign. The terrified king then yielded so far as to give a verbal assent, and Rantzau rushed, with his sword drawn, to the apartment of the queen, and forced her to rise from her bed, with the infant which was then at her breast. The unfortunate lady was alike alarmed and indignant, and when informed of her arrest, endeavoured to make way to her husband, to hear it from his own lips. But Rantzau, telling his associates, that, if she was allowed to see the king, it would cost them their lives, hurried the queen into a carriage, and conveyed her, with her child and Lady Mostyn (her attendant), to the fortress of Cronenbourg, near Elsinore, a place upwards of thirty miles distant from Copenhagen.

The assertion that the queen and Struensee were at the moment plotting against the king, was shown to be utterly false by the condition in which the queen was found. Struensee, also, and Brandt, were found quietly asleep in their own houses when the messengers came to arrest them. They, and the principal of their adherents, to the number of eighteen, were speedily thrown into prison; Struensee and Brandt being chained down to the floor, and otherwise most cruelly treated. The charges made against Struensee were all of a political nature except one, which accused him of an improper intimacy with Queen Matilda. No evidence of this could be brought forward; but it is said that a confession was obtained from Struensee by threats of torture, facilitated by hopes of life held out to him. As the queen-dowager and her son issued to the public any thing they chose on the subject, there can be no confidence placed in these statements. Struensee and Brandt died on the scaffold, their right hands being cut off before they were beheaded. One of the principal charges against Brandt shows the atrocious nature of the whole of these proceedings. He was accused of having struck the king, but it was proved that the king had a taste for boxing, and had repeatedly engaged in trials of this exercise with Brandt and many others, whence came all the blows ever inflicted on the royal person.

Queen Matilda remained for some time in the castle of Cronenbourg, ignorant of the fate that awaited her. The first intimation that she was charged with the breach of her nuptial vows, was received by her through Councillor Schack, who was purposely sent to cajole, cheat, or frighten her, by all or any means, into some admission of error. When he spoke to her (says an authentic account of these events) of an intrigue with Struensee, she listened with indignation. He then assured her that Struensee had made a confession, and artfully intimated that the fallen minister would be subjected to a most cruel death, if he was found to have falsely criminated the queen. "What!" she exclaimed, "do you believe that if I was to confirm this declaration, I should save the life of that unfortunate man?" Schack answered by a profound bow. The queen took a pen, wrote the first syllable of her name, and fainted away. Schack completed the signature, and hurried off with the document in triumph. Thus was the half-forged piece of writing obtained, which formed

the only colour for the charge against the queen; and when it is considered that she was then only twenty-one years of age, helpless, in fear for her life, and among strangers, it will scarcely be wondered at that she should have been persuaded into this seeming and partial admission of what the solemn declarations of her deathbed contradicted.

So much beloved in her circle was the queen, and so confident of her innocence were those who had been constantly in her society, that almost all her ladies voluntarily followed her to Cronenbourg, where, out of fear probably of the English court, her confinement was not rendered severe. It may be thought remarkable that the English court has not been earlier mentioned. The ambassador, Colonel Murray Keith, did interfere spiritedly at the first, but it was only after some months that he could procure the queen's liberation. As Christian, under the influence of the queen-dowager, was forcing on a divorce, it was resolved by the British court to take away Queen Matilda at once from the country. Zell, in Hanover, was the place fixed on for her residence. When this was announced to her, the queen burst into a flood of tears. They were tears of pleasure, but a change came over her feelings when told that her infant was to be detained. This child had been ill, and she had watched over it incessantly. For a long time, when the bark was in waiting to take her away, the poor mother could not be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu to the infant. "At length" (says Archdeacon Cox, in his *Travels through Denmark*), after bestowing repeated caresses on this darling object of her affection, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, her eyes immovably directed towards the palace of Cronenbourg. The vessel having made little way during the night, at daybreak she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible; and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin so long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements."

On reaching Zell, a little court was formed around the queen. But though she retained a comparatively calm exterior, the heart of this unfortunate princess had received a shock which it was difficult to sustain. The children whom she had left behind occupied all her thoughts. She obtained their portraits, and kept them in her most retired apartments, where they were ever before her eyes. She often apostrophised them in language that melted those who accidentally heard her. One day a lady of her chamber came behind her, and heard her speaking. The words were these:—

"Ah! who like me could prize the joy divine,
My lovely babe! to mix my soul with thine!
Torn from my breast, I weep alone for thee,
Amid the griefs which heaven has dealt to me."

When she was induced to mingle with society, this princess showed extraordinary powers of pleasing. She was familiarly acquainted with the French, Italian, German, Danish, and English languages, and had read much, short and troubled as her career had been. The regret of the province was therefore strong and lasting, when, on the 10th of May 1775, she was cut off by a scarlet fever, before she had reached the age of twenty-four. As has been said, her dying words contained an attestation of her innocence of the charge brought against her, and for which she had been exiled from her family.

THE TORTOISE.

THE tortoise may occasionally be met with in gardens in this country. The *Testudo geometrica* I have certainly seen here; but the occurrence is rare. One of three tortoises (the common) laid three eggs in a garden at Montrose; one of these I forwarded to Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh. The size to which this creature occasionally attains is quite monstrous. I remember, some years ago, to have seen one, then semi-torpid, exhibited near Exeter 'Change, London, which weighed, if I recollect aright, several hundred-weight. Its shell was proportionally thick, and its other dimensions bore a corresponding ratio. It was stated to be about eight hundred years old. In the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land tortoise, brought there about the year 1623; it lived until 1730, and was killed by the inclemency of the weather during a frost, in consequence of the carelessness of a labourer in the garden, who, for a trifling wage, dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglected to replace it. Another tortoise was placed in the garden of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, by Bishop Land, when bishop of that see, in 1628; this appears to have died a natural death in 1753. It is not known what were the several ages when placed in the gardens. That of which I am about to give an account, I saw in the bishop's garden at Peterborough, adjoining the Cathedral, in the summer of 1813. It died only four or five years ago. Why this Episcopal predilection, is a question perhaps not unworthy antiquarian research! The *Testudo Græcia* is found in the island of Sardinia—generally weighing four pounds, and its usually computed age is about sixty years. From a document belonging to the archives of the Cathedral, called the *Bishop's Barn*, it is well ascertained that the tortoise at Peterborough must have been about two hundred years old. Bishop March's predecessor in the see of Peterborough had remembered it above sixty years, and could recognise no visible change. He was the seventh bishop who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. If I mistake not, its sustenance and abode were provided for in this document. Its shell was perforated, in order to attach it to a tree, &c., to limit its ravages among the strawberry borders. This animal moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of 80 stone; itself weighed 134 pounds. In cloudy weather, it would scoop out a cavity, generally in a southern exposure,

where it reposed, torpid and inactive, until the genial influence of the sun roused it from its slumber. When in this state, the eyes were closed, and the head and neck a little contracted, though not drawn within the shell. Its sense of smelling was so acute, that it was roused from its lethargy if any person approached even at a distance of twelve feet. About the beginning of October, or latter end of September, it began to immerse itself, and had, for that purpose, for many years selected a particular angle of the garden; it entered in an inclined plane, excavating the earth in the manner of the mole; the depth to which it penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet, according as the winter was mild or severe. It may be added, that for nearly a month prior to this entry into its dormitory, it refused all sustenance whatever. The animal emerged about the end of April, and remained for at least a fortnight before it ventured on taking any species of food. Its skin was not perceptibly cold: its respiration, entirely effected through the nostrils, was languid. I visited the animal, for the last time, on the 9th June 1813, during a thunder-storm; it then lay under the shelter of a cauliflower, and was apparently torpid.—*Murray's Experimental Researches.*

ECONOMY OF FUEL AND PREVENTION OF SMOKE—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A DISCOVERY which may be emphatically described as important, for the economy of fuel and prevention of smoke, has recently been made at a silk-factory newly established in Edinburgh; the discoverer being Mr Ivison, one of the proprietors of the factory. The *Mining Review*, of August 31, gives the first account we have seen of this discovery, and of the processes involved by it; and from that source we derive the particulars which follow. We regret that, from our mode of publication, the present paper will not appear till many of our readers must have become acquainted with its subject through other channels.

Like all great discoveries, that of Mr Ivison refers to matters of extreme simplicity. The expedient which he has adopted for economising the fuel and banishing the smoke of his steam-engine furnaces, is nothing but the insertion of a pipe into the boiler, by which a portion of the steam is conducted away, and thrown in over the surface of the fire below. This pipe has a fan-shaped termination, perforated with minute apertures, which, being introduced into the furnace, immediately above the door, distributes the steam throughout the fiery space. The effect upon the combustion is such, that one pound of common or inferior Scotch coal converts about thirteen pounds of water into steam; a result which, in the present state of steam-engine furnaces, cannot be effected without more than twice that quantity of fuel. It may be mentioned that, theoretically, it is held that one pound of Newcastle coal should vaporise fourteen pounds of water; but this is never done practically, six pounds being the utmost any where vaporised by one pound of fuel, while it sometimes sinks so low as four. It would therefore appear that the merit of Mr Ivison's discovery does not consist in its being an extension of the power of fuel, but in its improving the condition under which the fuel is consumed, so as to bring the powers of fuel nearer to the theoretical standard.

For particulars of experiments.—The editor of the *Mining Review* states, that he attended at the Castle Silk Mills, as they are called, on the 27th of August, with Dr Fyfe, and a number of other men of science. They found a ten-horse high-pressure engine at work. "The cistern from which the boiler is supplied was filled, and 392 pounds of coal weighed to the stoker; at half past two o'clock the engine went to her work, and as the cistern required additional water, from the evaporation going on, it was measured in; the whole quantity taken during the experiment of five hours' duration being 504 gallons, or 5040 pounds. At half past eight o'clock, the furnace, boiler, and cistern, were re-examined, and found to be in a similar state as when the experiment commenced; the actual consumption during the five hours being, as already stated, 392 pounds of coal, giving a result of 5040 pounds of water evaporated, or 12.88 pounds of water evaporated by one pound of coal; thus proving that an increase of steam, equal to 115 per cent., had been acquired by the application of the process of simply throwing in a jet of steam upon the fire."

The experiment was equally satisfactory with regard to the prevention of smoke. No perceptible fumes issued from the vent during the whole time. Suddenly, the supply of steam to the furnace was stopped, and smoke instantly commenced. As suddenly the supply was resumed, when eight seconds after the turning of the jet-cock, the smoke had once more ceased.

The principles involved in the process seem to be these:—The steam is decomposed by the heat of the furnace. Its oxygen unites with the carbon of the smoke, and causes the combustion of that material. The liberated hydrogen at the same time burns through its own inflammable quality; and thus heat is derived from both the components of the injected vapour.

"It requires," says the *Scotsman*, "some knowledge of the steam-engine, and of the multifarious uses to which it is put, to appreciate the immense importance of a discovery which will save half the fuel now consumed in the production of a given amount of power. The actual saving in money upon the engines now in

existence, though that may amount to some millions sterling, is a bagatelle to the ultimate advantage it must yield. It will render steam-power applicable in a vast number of cases where it is at present out of the question; and it will at once double the range of steam-navigation. An example will illustrate the point. The voyage from Falmouth to Egypt is almost exactly of the same length with that from Bristol to New York. Hitherto it has been performed by two lines of packets, one from England to Malta, and one from Malta to Alexandria, the former, we believe, having a depot of coals at Gibraltar. Dr Lardner indeed assumes, in the last edition of his book, that, taking the chances of rough weather, a steamer cannot carry coals for a longer voyage than 2000 miles, while the distance from Falmouth to Malta is 2500, and from Malta to Alexandria 1200. It may therefore be laid down, that, according to the supposed powers of steam-vessels last year, two relays of fuel at least would have been necessary to maintain steam-navigation between England and Egypt. Of course, two depôts must have been established, at some half-way station and at Alexandria, and coals must have been sent to these stations in sailing-vessels, at a great expense. This was the state of things in 1837: let us see what has been achieved in 1838. First, the Great Western has performed a voyage as long as from Falmouth to Egypt without a stop. The necessity for one or two intermediate depôts is thus at once done away; but a depot would still be required at Alexandria to bring the steamer back to England. So we would have said a few weeks ago; but Mr Ivison's happy discovery, if it fulfil the promise it gives, will work another revolution in steam navigation. If five pounds of coals can be made to do the work of ten, a vessel of the first class could carry a sufficient supply to steam her way both out to Alexandria and home again. The range of navigation practicable with one charge of fuel, will thus have been quadrupled in a single year. By improvements in the size, build, and interior arrangements of vessels, the proprietors of the Great Western have extended the range from 2000 miles to 4000; and here come, in the nick of time, two new processes for economising fuel, which will raise the 4000 miles to 8000. The advantage will be equally felt on the eastern division of the voyage to India. It was proposed to perform the voyage from Bombay to Egypt with two relays of fuel, by establishing depôts at Suez, and at Aden or Socotra. Neither, however, will now be necessary, as a vessel of proper construction will carry sufficient coals to perform both the outward and homeward voyage, and very costly and troublesome arrangements will, in consequence, be superseded. It may give us a more complete idea of the vast step forward which steam navigation will thus have made, if we recall the fact, that 8000 miles are very nearly one-third of the circumference of the globe; and that, by establishing depôts of fuel at a few convenient points, at the Cape, for instance, Van Diemen's Land, Valdivia, and Rio Janeiro, a vessel could steam her way round the world. But we must not indulge further in these magnificent and fascinating prospects, till more extended experience has put its seal on Mr Ivison's discovery, the merits of which we have assumed for the present on the testimony of very intelligent observers."

EUROPEAN AND TURKISH HABITS CONTRASTED.

[From Urquhart's Spirit of the East.]

Europeans commemorate the laying of the foundation stone; Turks celebrate the covering in of the roof.

Among the Turks, a beard is a mark of dignity; with us of negligence.

Shaving the head is, with them, a custom; with us, a punishment.

We take off our gloves before our sovereign; they cover their hands with their sleeves.

We enter an apartment with our heads uncovered; they enter an apartment with the feet uncovered.

With them, the men have their necks and their arms naked; with us women have their arms and necks naked.

With us, the women parade in gay colours, and the men in sombre; with them, in both cases, it is the reverse.

With us, the men ogle the women; in Turkey, the women ogle the men.

With us, the lady looks shy and bashful; in Turkey, it is the gentleman.

In Europe, a lady cannot visit a gentleman; in Turkey, she can. In Turkey, a gentleman cannot visit a lady; in Europe, he can.

There the ladies always wear trousers, and the gentlemen sometimes petticoats.

With us, the red cap is the symbol of licence; with them, it is the hat.

In our rooms the roof is white and the wall is coloured; with them the wall is white, and the roof is coloured.

In Turkey there are gradations of social rank without privileges; in England there are privileges without corresponding social distinctions.

With us, social forms and etiquette supersede domestic ties; with them the etiquette of relationship supersedes that of society.

With us the schoolmaster appeals to the authority of the parent; with them the parent has to appeal to the superior authority and responsibility of the schoolmaster.

With us a student is punished by being "confined to chapel;" with them a scholar is punished by being excluded from the mosque.

Amongst us masters require characters with their servants; in Turkey servants inquire into the character of masters.

We consider dancing a polite recreation; they consider it a disgraceful avocation.

An Englishman will be astonished at what he calls the absence of public credit in Turkey; the Turk will be amazed at our national debt.

The first will despise the Turks for having no organisation to facilitate exchange; the Turk will be astounded to perceive in England laws to impede the circulation of commerce.

The Turks will wonder how government can be carried on with divided opinions: the Englishman will not believe that, without opposition, independence can exist.

In Turkey, commotion may exist without disaffection; in England, disaffection exists without commotion.

A European, in Turkey, will consider the administration of justice defective; a Turk, in Europe, will consider the principles of law unjust.

The first would esteem property, in Turkey, insecure against violence; the second would consider property, in England, insecure against law.

The first would marvel how, without lawyers, law can be administered; the second would marvel how, with lawyers, justice can be obtained.

The first would be startled at the want of a check upon the central government; the second would be amazed at the absence of control over the local administration.

We cannot conceive immutability in the principles of the state compatible with well-being; they cannot conceive that which is good and just capable of change.

The Englishman will esteem the Turk unhappy because he has no public amusements; the Turk will reckon the man miserable who lacks amusements from home.

The Englishman will look on the Turk as destitute of taste, because he has no pictures; the Turk will consider the Englishman destitute of feeling, from his disregard of nature.

The Turk will be disgusted at our haughty treatment of our inferiors; the Englishman will revolt at the purchase of slaves.

They will reciprocally call each other fanatic in religion—disolute in morals—uncleanly in habits—unhappy in the development of their sympathies and their tastes—destitute severally of their political freedom—each will consider the other unfit for good society.

The European will term the Turk pompous and sullen; the Turk will call the European flippant and vulgar.

It may therefore be imagined how interesting, friendly, and harmonious, must be the intercourse between the two.

NATIONAL ANTHEM—NEW VERSION.

[The national anthem was composed as an expression of indignant feeling temporarily entertained respecting the accidental and temporary policy of some neighbouring states. That policy being long amongst the things that were, the anthem has no longer any command over the national sympathies: on the contrary, as an outburst of resentful and destructive sentiment, it is positively unsuitable and opposite to the present state of the public mind, and only holds its place through the power of custom. We have much pleasure in lending publicity to the following improved version of the anthem, which appears in a musical collection entitled the *Singing Master* (Taylor and Walton, London), of which we shall have something to say in (probably) our next number.]

God bless our native land,
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve the Queen,
Long may she reign;
Her heart inspire and move,
With wisdom from above;
And in a Nation's love,
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty!
We pray that still on thee
Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

One day when Mozart's spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger, of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he had recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work, and immediately paid him a hundred ducats, and departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time; and then suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardour. This application, however, was more than his strength could support; it brought on fainting fits; and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. "I am writing this requiem for myself!" said he abruptly to his wife one day; "it will serve for my own funeral service;" and this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger

appeared, and demanded the requiem. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it." The stranger made no objection; but observing, that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceedings, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was: the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world, sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the requiem; and in spite of the exhausted state both of his mind and body, completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day, the stranger returned; but Mozart was no more! —*Edinburgh Review.*

Mr Hogarth, in his very pleasant work, entitled *Musical History*, adds, with reference to this remarkable transaction, that it still remains in some degree a mystery. Reasons have been adduced for supposing the stranger to be the steward of a Count Waldeck, who, having lost his wife, took it into his head, not to obtain, but to pretend to compose, a requiem to her memory, and for this purpose applied for such a composition to Mozart, designing to set it off as his own. But this explanation does not rest on certain evidence, and it is now probable that the truth will never be ascertained.

JOURNEY AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE.

John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf as a list-seller, was at a town in Bedfordshire, and, according to a turf phrase, quite broke down; it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born; and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond jail," which, with the chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the jail, accosted the keeper with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well: it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose that he has broken out of your jail, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark." "A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them any further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it; I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

ADDRESS OF AN ARAB ROBBER.

While some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minich, a thief set his mind about carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their boys, and with this intention contrived, in the dead of the night, to creep unperceived within the tent, where, as it was winter time, embers were burning, and showed the rich clothes of the bey lying close at hand. The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on: and then, after filling a pipe and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood picketed in front. "It was brought," he mounted, and rode off. On the morrow, when the clothes of the bey could nowhere be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being questioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride; and told them how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night, which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened. Upon this, the bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that if the person who robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be freely pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the animal and of the suit of clothes. Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arab presented himself, and brought his booty; and the bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the bey in rather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do; so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted: the other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape. He showed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action; at one time sitting down by the fire, and making believe as though he were sipping drawing on the different articles of dress, so as to throw the bey himself, and all who saw and heard him, into fits of laughter. When he came at last to what concerned the horse, "It was," he said, "brought to me, and I leaped upon his back;" and so in effect flinging himself again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks sharply with the stirrup-irons, he rode off with all the money that he had received for the animal in his pocket, and had got much too far, during the first moments of surprise, for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight, and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse.—*Adventures of Giovanni Finati.*

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